Her ſonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir ſelfe.
Reuenged maie ſhee be on that accurſed Duke.
Come coſen of *Exeter*, ſtaie thou here,
For *Clifford* and thoſe Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards *Wakefield*, to diſturbe the Duke.

Enter *Edward*, and *Richard*, and *Montague*.

Edw. Brother, and coſen *Montague*, giue mee leaue to ſpeake.

Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of *Yorke*.

York. Howe nowe ſonnes what at a iarre amongſt your ſelues?

Rich. No father, but a ſweete contention, about that which concernes your ſelfe and vs, The crowne of England father.

York. The crowne boy, why *Henries* yet aliue,
And I haue ſworne that he ſhall raigne in quiet till
His death.

Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.

Rich. And if it pleaſe your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile ſhew your grace the waie to ſaue your oath,
And diſpoſſeſſe king *Henrie* from the crowne.

Yorke I prethe *Dicke* let me heare thy deuiſe.

Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment

Being

Being not ſworne before a lawfull magiſtrate.
Henry is none but doth vſurpe your right,
And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath,
Then noble father reſolue your ſelfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

Yorke I, ſaiſt thou ſo boie? why then it ſhall be ſo.
I am reſolude to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, thou ſhalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,
With vvhom the *Kentiſhmen* vvill vvillinglie riſe:
Thou coſen *Montague*, ſhalt to *Norffolke* ſtraight,
And bid the Duke to muſter vppe his ſouldiers,
And come to me to *Wakefield* preſentlie.
And *Richard* thou to *London* ſtrait ſhalt poſt,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwike*
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint *Albons* ten daies hence.
My ſelfe heere in *Sandall* caſtell will prouide
Both men and mone to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes? Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thouſand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland and *Weſtmerland*, and others of the
Houſe of *Lancaſter*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To beſiedge you in your caſtell heere.

Enter ſir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Mortimer*.

Yorke A Gods name, let them come. Coſen *Montague* poſt you hence: and boies ſtaie you with me.

Sir *Iohn* and ſir *Hugh Mortemers* mine vncles,

Your